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# LETTERS FROM BERMUDA

BY

MRS. JANE A. <sup>Anthony</sup>EAMES.

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J. A. E.

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# LETTERS FROM BERMUDA.

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## I.

HAMILTON HOTEL, }  
HAMILTON, Bermuda, Jan. 12, 1875. }

MESSRS. EDITORS: Greetings to you from this gem of the sea, and through you to our many friends among the readers of the MONITOR. Six days ago we left the ice-bound hills of New England; and as I sit in my room, and look out of the open window (no, there is no window in the room, but, instead, two large glass doors opening on the verandah) upon the blue waters of the harbor, and the green hills beyond dotted with white houses, it is difficult for me to realize that this is January, and that only last Wednesday I walked the streets of Concord, slipping about on their thick coating of ice and snow. What a marvellous change, and how speedily made! Three days and three nights of discomfort, and we are in an earthly paradise.

On the afternoon of Thursday, the 7th of January, at four o'clock, our good steamer, the Canima, left New York, and in less than an hour we began to be in rough waters, and one by one the passengers dropped out of sight, the writer of this, one of the first to disappear.

The Canima is a staunch, Clyde-built steamer, long and narrow, but like all propellers that I have seen, rolls fearfully.

She is well manned, her officers thoroughly understanding and performing their duties, and, withal, extremely courteous to their passengers, doing everything in their power for their happiness and comfort. The servants were exceedingly attentive, ready to run at all times for us.

I did not again make my appearance upon the stage till Saturday afternoon; not that I was so very sick, but I was so extremely tired and uncomfortable I thought it best to keep as quiet as possible. There is not much change in a sea voyage, except in the noises around one. The creaking of the ropes, the throbbing of the engine, the waves dashing against us and pouring over us as though longing to devour us, the crockery knocking and thumping about, the retching, vomiting, and coughing of the unhappy victims of sea-sickness,—these are the sounds that constantly greet the ear. We did not see any ships, but, on the contrary, shipped many seas, each one seeming to knock us about with a little more force than its predecessor. We were constantly told that “We shall have rough weather crossing the gulf, but after that we shall be in smooth waters.” That may have been the case in other instances; certainly not so in our experience, for it is difficult to say when we had the roughest,—before, or after, crossing “the gulf.” Each morning our attendants would announce that “We had a fine run last night.” Well, if it was any pleasure for them to call it a “fine run” I do not begrudge it to them, but I called it a roll, and a tumble, and a plunge, and every time a heavy sea struck us, our steamer would quiver from stem to stern.

On Sunday came the joyful cry, “Land in sight!” Up I scrambled, dressed myself as speedily as I could, and went on deck. There, like a dark cloud against the horizon, lay Bermuda, “the haven where we would be.” Oh! what a joyful sight! Nearer and nearer it seemed to come, and calmer and calmer grew the water, till it lay before us and around us like an azure sea of glass.

I ran down to call the Doctor, who had not been out of

his berth since leaving New York, and by the time I was back on deck, this isle of beauty, in all its loveliness, was before me.

The approach to the harbor is through narrow straits, studded with islands whose vivid green was in exquisite contrast to the blue sea. Peeping in and out among the trees were white houses, and, as with infinite care we threaded our way through the intricate passage, new beauties were unfolded at every turn, and called forth new adjectives to express our admiration.

Darkness fell on the scene just before we reached the dock; but soon after six we were in this hotel, and were warmly greeted by the senior proprietor, John W. Dodge, Esq., a class-mate of Dr. Eames in Brown University.

And now, what shall I say of Bermuda? Not much more in this letter than I have already said; for, although I took a long and lovely drive yesterday morning, my head was so weak, the effects of the voyage, that I could only lie back in the carriage and enjoy to the utmost the delicious air and the intensely foreign aspect of everything about me.

As the steamers leave only once a fortnight, I shall have ample time to observe, and to digest my observations, before sending off another letter to you. Think of being two weeks without getting a letter or a newspaper!

## II.

HAMILTON, Bermuda, Jan. 20, 1875.

MESSRS. EDITORS: By this time I suppose you have received my first letter from Bermuda, written I think on the twelfth, announcing our safe arrival on this enchanted shore.

We have now been here more than a week, and already begin to feel quite at home. Every time we walk out we meet some pleasant acquaintance that we have made, whose kindly greetings lead us to forget that we are "strangers in a strange land." In fact, the fashion here seems to be to bow and speak to every one you meet, be they gentlemen, ladies, or what in ordinary parlance are called "common people." There are a great many black people on the island. Though slavery was abolished here in 1834, it is said that sixty-one per cent. of the inhabitants are more or less of African descent. Many of them own a little patch of land which they cultivate with care, and, as far as I know, are industrious and frugal. Some say they are lazy. I dare say they may be. My experience is, that there is a vast deal of laziness in the world, and, of course, a warm climate tends to develop it more than a cold one. The black women are tall and straight, and walk through the streets carrying upon their heads immense bundles which they bear with extreme ease, balancing them by the motion of the body, without the touch of the hand. It is not uncommon to meet a woman having on her head a large tub filled with water, and although she may be going up or down a hill, so evenly does she walk that not a drop of the liquid overflows. They do a great deal of work, too, in the fields, and as for the children, they are playing round everywhere, and are just as bright and cunning (I do not mean by this word sly) as they can be. The men are sociable, ever ready to answer any ques-



tions put to them, and are uniformly respectful and polite. At least we have found them so, for we have not received an impertinent or saucy word or look from any one to whom we have spoken,—man, woman, or child.

And now permit me to speak a little in detail of this island, or cluster of islands, rather. Some say there are more than three hundred islands in all, but as many of these consist of only a single rock or hill, they are not of much account.

A chart lies before me, made in 1872, which gives at least one hundred islands, about twenty of which are inhabited. The five largest islands are St. David, St. George, Bermuda (sometimes called the continent), Somerset, and Ireland, all separated from each other by little inlets or bays. These islands lie about seven hundred miles south-east of New York, in the same latitude as Charleston, South Carolina. The nearest point on the main land is Cape Hatteras, which is five hundred and eighty miles distant.

The islands are about fifteen miles long, varying in width from a half mile to five miles. They lie from north-east to south-west, and are of calcareous formation, due to the action of the wind in blowing up sand from the coral reefs. This calcareous formation makes hard, excellent roads, and the limestone, found in great quantities, is used in building, all the houses being constructed of it. Some of the houses are stained a pinkish red or yellowish brown, but the most of them are left in their natural state of whiteness.

As the inhabitants are mostly dependent upon rain water, the roofs are whitewashed, that they may be kept clean and pure so as not to soil the water that falls upon them. This Bermuda stone is so soft and porous that it is generally sawed out with a common saw; but despite its softness it is very durable, and as it is never touched by frost, a house built of it is known to last in good order for a century and a half. It is rarely that you see a house here more than two stories high, and the majority of them are only

one. They all have blinds, not opening up and down through the middle, as with us, but whole, and hinged at the top so that they may be raised or lowered to let in as much or as little sunlight as one wants. Every house has its verandah, shut in at the sides with lattice-work. To keep cool is the main thing here, and all the houses are built with this end in view. Many houses in Bermuda (I use this name as including all the islands) never have a fire during the winter, except in the kitchen.

In 1871 the population of these islands was 12,426, of which 4,725 were whites, 7,390 blacks, and 305 belonged to the military and naval departments.

It is said that these islands were discovered in 1527; but I cannot go fully into their history here, which may be a matter of consolation to some of my readers. In 1609, a part of the fleet sent out from the mother country to the Virginia colony was wrecked off the Bermudas, and St. George received its name from Sir George Somers, one of the wrecked party. On their arrival afterwards in Virginia, they made so flattering a report of the riches and beauty of these islands, that the Virginia company procured such an extension of their charter as to include Bermuda in it. Soon after, this right was purchased by one hundred and twenty gentlemen, who divided the profits arising from the cultivation of the soil among themselves and their tenants. This proprietary form of government existed till 1685, when these islands became a crown colony of England.

The Governor, the highest official on the island, receives his appointment from the crown, and holds his office from five to seven years. His salary is two thousand seven hundred and forty-six pounds (not quite fourteen thousand dollars), five hundred of which is paid by the colony, forty-seven from what is called "quit-rents," and the remainder by the English government.

The Legislature, which generally meets in the summer, is composed of the House of Assembly and the Council, the

latter consisting of nine members, nominated by the Governor and ratified by the English government. The islands are divided into nine parishes,—St. George, Hamilton, Smith, Devonshire, Pembroke, Paget, Warwick, Southampton, and Sandys,—each of which is entitled to send four representatives to the Assembly. No one can vote unless he owns real estate to the value of sixty pounds (three hundred dollars our money), and he is not eligible to office as a member of the Assembly, unless he has at least four times that amount.

Although the blacks have the same civil rights as the whites, I am told they have never sent a colored representative to the Assembly; and although at the last census there were 3,284 colored males to 2,118 whites, there were only one hundred and ninety-seven colored voters to six hundred and twenty-nine white.

There are only two towns of any size on the island,—St. George and Hamilton. We are at the latter, which is the seat of government, and contains about 2,000 inhabitants. It does not lie on the sea, as I expected, but on a harbor which is almost landlocked. This hotel stands on a hill, and our room is in front, opening, as I think I said in my first letter, on the verandah by two glass doors. For the most of the time since we have been here, one of these doors has been open, and some of the time both. From the verandah I look across the harbor to a prettily wooded island, and to the shore beyond, which is hilly, thickly wooded, and dotted with white houses. Further down is the light-house, and every evening I see its bright light revolving around every minute. The street on the harbor is the busiest, as most of the stores and offices are there. Not much of a sidewalk anywhere, so pedestrians stroll along in the middle of the street, or where it best suits their convenience.

Cedar trees abound all over the islands. Then there are so many foreign trees and shrubs,—that is, “foreign” to our eyes,—that our attention is constantly attracted by something

new and strange. Palmetto trees are in abundance; bananas, oranges, and lemons grow in profusion. Then there is a sort of plum, called "loquotte," bright yellow in color, and delicious in taste. The mountain cabbage is a very peculiar looking tree. It rises to a great height, the trunk as clean and smooth as though it had been shaven, while at the extreme top it spreads out into graceful branches, bearing clusters of a kind of fruit resembling a cabbage,—whether good to eat or not, I have not discovered. Oleanders, great trees of them, are everywhere, and their flowers send out a delicious perfume. Many of the private gardens are exquisitely laid out, and kept in perfect order. Everywhere you see great bunches of roses, lovely in color and perfect in fragrance.

There are several magnificent specimens of the India Rubber tree, one very near our hotel, sent here twenty-five years ago from Essequibo, and now grown to be an enormous tree, the trunk twelve feet in circumference, running up three or four feet from the ground, and then dividing into five large limbs, rising in all nearly fifty feet from the ground, and covering with its dense shade a space all round of at least seventy feet. I have seen, too, a mahogany tree, and an aloe bearing a nut-shaped fruit,—or flower, shall I call it? A very singular looking tree is the pawpaw, rising up slim and straight, without any branches, the fruit in shape like a lemon, growing directly from the trunk. These are not yet ripe, so I have had no opportunity of tasting them.

Since we have been here we have had on the table, pease, string beans, tomatoes, turnips, lettuce, asparagus, and radishes, fresh from the garden. Sweet potatoes are not as nice here as those we get in the States. The far-famed Bermuda onions are growing everywhere, and shall I be deemed too prosaic if I say their odor sometimes mingles with the delicious scent of the roses and the oleanders?

Notwithstanding the richness of the soil and the warmth of the climate, there is a good deal of waste land in these

islands. A New England farmer and fruit-grower, coming out here, might soon, it seems to me, make a fortune in raising vegetables and fruit for the market.

Since we have been here, there has been a great deal of cloudy weather with frequent showers. A high wind blows a great part of the time, though fortunately it is not a cold wind.

As I said before, the roads here are very good. They often run through deep cuttings in the rocks, from the crevices of which spring delicate flowers and lovely ferns.

Here, in driving, as in England, when you meet a carriage you turn to the left, and not to the right, as in our country.

### III.

HAMILTON, Bermuda, Jan. 27, 1875.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Just three weeks to-day since we left our home in the Granite State, and we have not yet heard one word from there, either by letter or newspaper. The Canima, which ought to have been in on Sunday evening or Monday morning, has failed to make her appearance, and of course there are all sorts of rumors and conjectures about it, forming the principal topic of conversation. We do not even know whether the steamer ever reached New York, after leaving here on the 14th; if she did not, you cannot have heard of our arrival here. Think of being three weeks without a newspaper! True, there are two or three weekly newspapers published here, but when no steamer has arrived their contents, of course, must be strictly local, and therefore not of so much interest to us as to the people here.

The leading paper is the *Royal Gazette*, published, I think, more or less at the expense of the government. It is about the size of the MONITOR, and the subscription price is twenty-four shillings a year (six dollars), rather "steep" (as the boys say) for a weekly paper. Each week we have bought a copy, for which we have paid a sixpence, and, leaving out the advertisements, we could read it all through in a half-hour or so.

You will wonder what we find to occupy ourselves about in this small island, but we have by no means yet begun to exhaust its wonders, for we have not been in a hurry with our sight-seeing, learning in this respect, if in no other, to take life easily, after the custom of the Bermudians.

Of course, being an English colony, the Episcopal is the established Church of the island, which is under the ecclesiastical control of Right Rev. Edward Feild, D. D., Lord Bishop

of Newfoundland. His See was formed from the Diocese of Nova Scotia in 1839, and includes Newfoundland, Labrador, and the Bermudas. He generally spends his winters here, but this season it is said he is not coming out, as his coadjutor, Bishop Kelly, is sick. Every parish here has its church, one clergyman, however, generally doing duty in two distinct parishes. Here in Hamilton, in addition to the parish church, there is a cathedral, or "chapel of ease," rather, Trinity church, built of the white stone of the country, and so beautiful in all its parts and thorough in all its details, that it would be considered an ornament to any town in the States. The service there is well-conducted, and we have enjoyed it exceedingly. A great many colored people attend there, and enter into the services with much spirit and interest. There are two Presbyterian places of worship on the island, several Methodist, and one Romish. The chaplains to the troops are generally Episcopal, though in one or two instances they are Presbyterian and Romish.

But to go back to the way we occupy our time. We walk every day, and drive two or three times a week, and whenever we go out, whether walking or driving, we see some new thing to admire. When I have written of the trees, I do not think I have mentioned the "Pride of India," which is very abundant here, a beautiful tree in shape, though we do not now see it in its glory, as it is not in full leaf.

One day we visited, by invitation, a beautiful estate called "Rose Bank," where the grounds are exquisitely laid out, though not kept in the best order, as the estate has recently changed owners. There are eighteen acres, including wharf privileges, and the whole was bought six months ago for about fifteen thousand dollars in our money. So, you see, real estate does not seem very high in Bermuda. The house at Rose Bank, though only of one story, is large and roomy, and the grounds are so lovely that we were loth to leave them. However, we shall visit them often, as we have a standing invitation to go whenever we like. There

we saw many trees and shrubs strange to us, among which was the guava, from the fruit of which the celebrated jelly bearing that name is made. What at home we commonly call "pigeon berry" here rises to a large tree, and the boughs hang over in the most graceful manner, bearing great clusters of berries. Oranges, lemons, limes, and loquottes grow in great profusion in this garden, while roses, geraniums, oleanders, and other flowers load the air with their fragrance. Among other plants strange to us were the sago palm, and a species of lily bearing an immense purple flower. Birds were carolling over our heads, the sunlight streamed down upon us, and through vistas in the trees we caught enchanting views of the blue water.

Two mornings our amusement consisted in seeing a regiment get away, the fifty-third, composed, all told, men, women, and children, of about one thousand persons. The first morning the women and children embarked, carrying untold articles of baggage. The loud sobs and cries of the women and children, mingled with the barking of dogs and the chattering of monkeys and parrots, made a sound at once affecting and comical. The next day the men got off, and there were loud cheering and band-playing as the steamer left the wharf. They were all carried down to the dockyard, where they embarked on board the Tamar for Gibraltar.

One afternoon we went, by invitation of Rev. Mr. Lough, rector of the churches of Paget and Warwick, to a feast given to the colored Sunday-school belonging to the two parishes, in the glebe grounds of Paget. Here were assembled two or three hundred colored children, with a small sprinkling of white (their school having had their festival a little while ago), with their teachers, mostly white, and I never saw children play more heartily and enjoy themselves more thoroughly; and though a good many of them were boys who played with all their "might and main," after the manner of boys, there was no roughness or rowdyism about them. A table was spread under the trees, where was a profusion of



cake and hot tea, of which all the children partook bountifully, and afterwards had cake, nuts, and candy given them to take home.

In Mr. Lough's garden we saw all kinds of vegetables growing, and strawberries ripening fast. They gave us some "loquottes" to bring home, and what they called "sugar apples,"—the outside in rough scales, somewhat resembling a "Jerusalem artichoke," the inside in a triangular sort of compartment, of a sweet, custardy nature, each compartment containing a seed or stone about the size of our common white bean.

Among our amusements, I must not forget to mention shopping, so dear to every feminine nature. The shops are by no means attractively arranged in Bermuda; no show or any display to tempt an outsider to walk in. They remind me a good deal of what we call a "country store," at home, wherein may be found a little or a good deal, as the case may be, of everything. I have been enabled to pick up some few things to take home,—specimens of lace made here, and of palmetto work; also chains and bracelets made of acacia seeds, the latter brought to the hotel by negro women, for sale.

One of our drives was to the barracks on "Prospect"—high land commanding an extensive view o'er land and sea. These are the quarters of the regiments stationed here, there always being a large detachment of troops on the island. At present they are in a transition state, so many having recently sailed for home, and others having just come to take their places. In our drive that day we passed the old parish church of Devonshire, venerable for its antiquity and its associations with the early history of these islands. In the churchyard is a cedar tree, the oldest on the island. Formerly it was used for a bell-cote; now it is quite hollow, with a young tree growing up through it. We came home by the sea-road—on our right the vast expanse of ocean, not a "gray and melancholy waste," but of the brightest, loveliest

hue, and cultivated patches and wooded hills, interspersed with barren fields, on our left. In the rocky inlets along the shore the sea was of the loveliest green imaginable, shading off into darker tints as the water grew deeper.

You seldom see cattle and sheep browsing here on the hillside. What cattle there are are tethered, and they are lean and poor. Hens and ducks are cackling about with their young broods; and, as we see these small specimens of the feathered tribe in full enjoyment of their little lives, we find it difficult to realize that it is winter, a time with us when chickens and ducklings are unknown. We have seen some geese and turkeys, but not many.

Another day we drove to the light-house, six or seven miles from here. At first we skirt round the harbor, through Paget and Warwick, our favorite drive, the road lying through fine country seats, and giving us exquisite glimpses of the water. As we near the light-house the sea view opens, till the whole expanse lies stretched before us, as smooth and placid as an inland lake. Everything in and about the light-house is kept in perfect order and neatness. We went up to the top by nearly two hundred steps, and were amply repaid for our exertions by the grand view from the summit;—seaward, blue water, dotted near the shore by gems of islands, stretching out as far as the eye could reach; landward, green patches and white houses, little inlets from the sea, giving charming variety to the scene. Nor must I forget the panoramic view given by looking into the lens, where the scene below was reflected like a perfect picture. The light here is what is called a revolving dioptric lens, of the first order, with mirrors. I dare say scientists know what this means; I do n't. It has one centre lamp with three concentric wicks, and is among the largest and most powerful in the world.

But the culminating point in our amusements was reached to-day, when we attended a wedding,—William Whitney, deputy consul for the United States at the port of Hamilton, being married to Frances Mary Hill, of Smith. The wed-

ding took place in St. Mark's church, in the parish of Smith, and was solemnized by the rector, Rev. G. Tucker, assisted by Rev. Dr. Eames, rector of St. Paul's church, New Hampshire, thus uniting England and America in the parties married and in the clergymen officiating. This is the first time I have witnessed what may be called a "foreign wedding," and you may be sure I was exceedingly interested in it. It would not be proper for me in this public manner to speak of the dress and deportment of the bride; but this I am sure I may say: everything was in admirable taste. The horses that bore away the bridal party were decked with white rosettes; and the coachman carried a whip tied with long streamers of white ribbon. The wedding made a gala-day for this part of the island,—flags flying, and carriages, filled with wedding guests, dashing along the roads. As Mr. Whitney has been boarding at this hotel, and has been exceedingly kind and attentive to the Americans here, we have all been only too happy to avail ourselves of his polite invitation to attend his wedding.

I cannot close this long letter without speaking of the kind attentions that have been bestowed upon us, even in the short time we have been here. We have made a good many very pleasant acquaintances, receiving a number of calls which we have taken much pleasure in returning. In addition, we have done ourselves the honor of paying our respects to His Excellency Major-General John Henry Lefroy, who has been Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Bermuda since May, 1871. Government House is at Mount Langton, a mile from here, directly on the seashore, the grounds extensive, admirably laid out, and perfectly kept, the Governor being a thoroughly practical man in gardening as well as in everything else.

Thus it will be seen, from what I have written, that we have not been idle since we have been here; so that with walking, driving, reading, writing, and the feminine occupation of sewing and fancy work, my time has been fully and

agreeably occupied. Not much is going on here evenings, or, at least, not to attract me, so that, with the exception of going to church, I have not been out of the house after night-fall since our arrival.

One more item and I have done. Last Sunday, Dr. Eames preached for Rev. Mr. Lough,—in the morning at Paget, and in the afternoon at Warwick, three miles farther on. The church at Paget is one of the largest and handsomest on the island, and that at Warwick is soon to be enlarged and beautified. There were excellent congregations, both morning and afternoon; the services were well conducted, and the singing was exceedingly spirited and hearty. I do not know when I have more enjoyed a Sunday,—the services in these Bermuda churches, and the quiet dinner and tea in the lovely rectory at Paget.

*Feb. 1.* I open this to say that our long suspense has been terminated, the Canima arriving this morning. Her being delayed a week has caused her to lose one trip, so she is to stay here till Saturday, and will not leave New York till the 18th, thus bringing her round to her regular day for leaving that port. The delay in her arrival makes the date of my letters rather old, but I trust will not otherwise affect their contents. We have been obliged to give up going to Nassau, from the difficulty in getting there, so will spend the rest of our holiday here, taking the Canima on the 11th of March, thus arriving at home in ample season for Easter.

## IV.

HAMILTON, Bermuda, Feb. 18, 1875.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Once more I make my appearance before you, trusting that I shall meet with a favorable reception. Since my last letter to you, we have had a constant succession of bad weather, not having had more than three or four bright, sunny days. In fact, this is the rainy season in Bermuda; and the weather is so changeable here, it must be rather a trying climate for invalids, at least in the winter, and that is the very time they are sent here. It may often be bright here in the morning, and in an hour or two the whole aspect of nature is changed. The clouds come up, the wind rises, and down comes the rain, which, perhaps, will cease as abruptly as it came on. In fact, there is no dependence whatever to be placed upon the weather here, at least at this season of the year. It is perfect folly to go out, even on the brightest day, without taking an umbrella and an extra shawl or water-proof. And such winds as blow here, I never saw the like of! Perhaps "saw" is not a proper word to use in connection with wind, for I remember once hearing a man reproved for saying that he "never saw such a wind." Said the reprover, "How can you say 'saw such a wind'? What did it look like?" "Like to have taken my head off," was the quick reply. And that is the way the wind blows here. Why, at this very moment that I am writing, it whistles along the corridors of this hotel with as much sound and force as though we were in a ship out in mid ocean. Fortunately for our comfort, it is not often a cold wind. And with all the rainy, cloudy, and windy weather, there have been few days that we have not sat with one of our doors open on the verandah.

We have not been able to make many excursions, on account of the unfavorable weather. Still, we have spent our time by no means unpleasantly, or unprofitably, we hope.

Walking whenever the weather will permit, taking advantage of every sunny day to drive out, visiting and receiving visitors, and going to church, the days roll on, we scarcely know how. One evening we dined at Government House; and we spent a day with Mr. Allen, the American consul, who lives in a delightful situation at what is called "The Flatts," about four miles from here. His place lies on Harrington sound, opening into the harbor by a narrow outlet, spanned by a bridge and hemmed in by hills, amid the cedar forests of which nestle houses of the most picturesque appearance. The custom here of building the chimneys on the outside of the houses, and of whitewashing them, greatly tends to give them a foreign effect.

At Mr. Allen's we saw a cocoa-nut tree, its feathery branches rustling in the wind like the soft pattering of raindrops, and bearing an abundance of fruit,—not yet ripe, however; and on our way to his house we saw arrow-root growing, one of the staple productions of the island, a low shrub, with long, green leaves, shaped somewhat like an arrow-head,—hence, probably, its name.

Then, we have been out to tea two or three evenings, and, as I said in one of my letters there is no way of lighting the streets, we were obliged to carry our own light; and it was too comical to see the Doctor going ahead of our party, with a lantern in his hand, like a modern Diogenes. Of course, since Lent came on, there have been only little social gatherings, no ceremonious parties. On the first Sunday in this month the Doctor officiated for Rev. Mr. Tucker, preaching in the morning in Smith parish, where Mr. Whitney was married, and in the afternoon in Hamilton parish. Though we are in the town of Hamilton, we are in the parish of Pembroke, Hamilton parish being several miles from here. Our enjoyment that day was somewhat marred by the rain. The

congregations, however, were quite large, the services well conducted, and the music extremely good. In the choir at Smith there were voices that would have done credit to Concord, famed though it be for good singers; and I never heard the *Te Deum* chanted more effectively than on that morning.

On the second Sunday we drove to Sandys, ten miles from here, and the day was one of the loveliest we have had since we came. I have spoken before of a part of this drive, for we went over it on the way to the light-house. And, although we had been here five weeks, that Sunday was the first time we had been off this island, crossing then by a bridge the ferry to Somerset.

As we rolled along in our open carriage, the sun shining so brightly, the air so warm, it was difficult to remember that we were just midway in February. The road was excellent, and our horse's feet striking upon the rocky soil made "rich music wherever we went." The sea in its glorious coloring lay on our right, and, as I looked upon its gleaming waters studded with islands, I repeated again and again that line in Mrs. Hemans's exquisite poem, "The Better Land,"—

"Amid the green islands of glittering seas;"

and as the wind wafted the spicy odor of the cedar, I murmured another line of the same sweet poem,—

"Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze."

And I hope I shall not be deemed too enthusiastic or "gushing," when I say that I ended every fresh burst of admiration by repeating still another line from Mrs. Hemans,—

"Dreams never pictured a world more fair."

The church at Sandys is delightfully situated, the blue waters stretching far away in the rear, looking as calm and clear as the sky above. Like all the churches on these islands, it is surrounded by a churchyard, where the dead lie

in their quiet sleep beneath the shadow of the sacred edifice in which their prayers and praises had been offered for many a year.

The rector of Sandys and Southampton is Rev. C. P. K. Coombe, who lives in a charming cottage about half way between the two churches. Dr. Eames preached for him in the morning at Sandys, and in the afternoon at Southampton, and we dined between the services at the rectory. In the morning the Holy Communion was administered, nearly two hundred persons receiving, more than half of whom were blacks. I never before saw so many colored people at a service; and they were very devout in their appearance, nearly every one taking to the chancel a little manual of devotions. Some were very old, and looked as though it would be only a few more years before their life's pilgrimage would be ended.

And I saw something in this church which I never saw before—two boys assisting the wardens in taking the communion alms. These boys went up and down the aisle presenting the plate with so much gravity and decorum, that I was really touched to see how much they seemed to realize that they were bearing their part in the service of God's house.

And here, perhaps, is as good a place as any, to speak of the clergymen of the island. In all my experience of ministerial life, and it has been neither a short nor unvaried one, I never saw harder worked men than the clergy of the Church of England in Bermuda. Every one has two parishes, several miles apart, and has from one to two or three thousand souls to minister to. Think what an immense amount of parish work and visiting this must necessitate! Think of writing sermons amidst the constant interruption of calls to the poor, the sick, and the afflicted! Two or three of the clergy here have told me that they cannot have the same sermon both morning and afternoon, as often the members of the parish, where the morning service is held, go in the



afternoon to the other parish. The alternation is this: The parish that has morning service on one Sunday has afternoon service the next Sunday, the second parish having morning service that Sunday and afternoon service the next Sunday, and so on. Then, in addition to ordinary parish duties, two or three of the clergy are chaplains to naval or military forces, and are obliged to have a separate service for them on Sundays, the parish church not being large enough to accommodate them in addition to the regular congregation;—so Sunday is by no means a day of rest for the clergy. In addition to Sunday duties, in almost all the parishes there is service on Wednesdays and Fridays, and Mr. Coombe told me that often for weeks and weeks he administered the sacrament of infant baptism on each of these days. And one thing I must say further, in reference to these clergy: They seldom have any intermission or change in their duties. Some of them have been here for twenty years, and have been out of Bermuda only once, and they are years without ever having a brother clergyman to help them. You see, in this out-of-the-way place, few stray clergymen come along, and no agents “to present their cause.” Think, then, what a help and a breathing-time it has been to them to have the Doctor to preach for them.

On Tuesday of this week we went over to Ireland island, about five miles from here, making the trip in a mail packet under the command of J. Benson Steed, who has crossed nearly twenty-four thousand times, and I think has never met with an accident. It was very rough the day we went over, but on the succeeding day, when we came back, it was delightfully smooth, and we enjoyed the sail immensely, getting charming views of the islands, and the pretty country seats scattered over them.

Her Majesty's dockyard is on Ireland island, and the walls that guard the entrance to it, and all the buildings upon it, are constructed in the most solid and substantial manner. The officers' residences are very attractive looking, and the

cottages for the workmen are neat and pretty. Of course all the buildings upon the island belong to the government.

There is always more or less ship-building and repairing going on there, and a large number of marines and soldiers on duty and artisans at their work. The floating dock, the "Bermuda," is the largest in the world, being capable of holding vessels of the greatest size. It was built in England, and arrived here on the twenty-eighth of June, 1869, having been towed over by five ships. It lies in a basin built of the most solid stone-work, fifty-two feet below low water mark. The length of the floating dock is three hundred and eighty-one feet, the breadth one hundred and twenty-four feet, and the depth seventy-five feet.

We climbed up on the outside by ladder-like steps—a feat of agility rather difficult for one of my size—and looked down into the depth below, where workmen were busily engaged in hammering and tinkering upon an old steamship.

At the upper end of the island is the residence of the chaplain, Rev. R. Croker, one of the most charming spots I have seen in this region. Here we were most delightfully entertained, their house having a world-wide fame for its genial hospitality. A little farther on is the naval hospital, perfect in all its arrangements; and on Boaz island, to which you gain access by a bridge, is the military hospital, also capitally ordered. Near the residence of the chaplain is the cemetery, beautifully laid out in winding walks through cedar groves, and very neatly kept; but, oh! it made my heart so sad, for it seemed to me almost every one who was laid there had either met death by accident, or had been a victim of the yellow fever, which several years ago was a terrible scourge to these islands. Many marines and civilians at the dockyard fell beneath its ravages, the pestilence having no regard for rank, taking the highest in command as well as the lowest in station, the man in the vigor and pride of his youth and the infant in its mother's arms. And a large majority of the inmates of this city of the dead died in the

very flush of their manhood, just as life's honors and duties were opening upon them. How many loving hearts at home had been made to ache with sadness when news came to them that a cherished one had been stricken down in this far-off isle in mid seas!

Under the escort of the chaplain we made the rounds of the dockyard, seeing everything worthy of note. We went on board the Irresistible, which is lying in the dock for repairs—a noble old ship, which has borne a prominent part in the naval history of England, “the Queen of the Seas.”

Thinking this is enough for one letter, I stop here, though, like the famous soap-man, “I have more of the same sort left.”

## V.

HAMILTON HOTEL, Feb. 22, 1875.

Another greeting o'er sea and land to my New Hampshire friends.

I finished my last letter amid the roaring of the wind and the dashing of the rain. The next morning what a change was there! The sun as bright, the air as clear and warm, the water as smooth as though no "stormy winds" had ever visited this enchanted isle. On Friday the yacht squadron was out in full force, and we were invited by General and Mrs. Lefroy to go with them in their own yacht. What a pretty sight it was to see the yachts glide over the azure sea, their white sails swelling to the wind, their bright pennons gaily fluttering, while the music of laughter mingled pleasantly with the soft ripple of the water. Nothing could exceed the loveliness of the scene, as we wound in and out among the islands, the water of the clearest, softest blue imaginable. We cruised about for two hours or more, then cast anchor in a sheltered cove, and went on shore on Tucker's island, several miles from here. We had our lunch on board the Governor's yacht, the ruling genius of the hour declaring it was not worth while to have the provisions taken to the island, particularly as we were obliged to land in small boats, but the occupants of the other yachts chose to take their lunch on shore; so when we landed, we found them seated in picturesque groups on the grass, knives and forks, tongues and glasses, moving in graceful harmony. Think of our enjoying this sweet out-of-doors idyl on the 19th of February, while you all at home were doubtless shivering and shaking with the cold!

On Tucker's island is a cave with large pillars of coralline rock, and as we stood gazing up into the vaulted roof,

or into the clear water at our feet, the grouping was most picturesque,—now a face illuminated by the torch lit to enable us to see the cave to advantage, now half hidden in the darkness as we groped our way along. It was a scene fit for a painter.

In different inlets about the island, General Lefroy put in a water-glass, and through that we could see fish gliding about, in and out, amid the mimic coral reefs below. So quickly are coralline formations made in these waters, that if you throw into them an old bottle or tin box, in a few days you will find it more or less covered with delicate coral tracery.

We were more than two hours making our way back to Hamilton, the wind being ahead ; but, as the water was perfectly smooth and the air delicious, we enjoyed every moment of the sail, finding it not a whit too long. As the shades of evening crept softly o'er us, the sheen on the water, and the lights and shadows playing over the islands through which we glided, were most glorious to behold. That day in our Bermudian life was one to be marked with a white stone—one that will not easily be forgotten.

As the chaplain at the dockyard was very anxious for the Doctor to preach to the men of his charge, we went over on Saturday afternoon, and once more found ourselves welcome guests at the dear parsonage. After dinner we sat on the verandah, the full moon throwing a radiance of glory over the shining sea, while the soft breeze rustled in the cedar tops, wafting their spicy odors, and steeping our souls in bliss unutterable.

Sunday morning dawned fair and gracious as a bride decked for her bridegroom. At an early hour we accompanied the chaplain over to Boaz island, which was once a convict station, eight hundred to one thousand convicts often being there at one time. Now it is used as a military post. In a small and neat chapel a short service was held, and Mr. Croker made a brief but effective address, there being about

one hundred and fifty soldiers present. The responses were good, and the singing very hearty and spirited, done by the men without any instruments, keeping perfect time and tune. I never enjoyed any singing more, particularly when they sang "Brief life is here our portion," every word in that exquisite hymn seeming so appropriate to a congregation composed of soldiers. How their voices rang out in the lines,—

"And now we fight the battle,  
But then shall wear the crown."

As the men marched out from the chapel they presented a fine appearance in their red coats, the English uniform being extremely showy and handsome. At the dockyard there is no church, the service being held in a large room, in one of the government buildings, beautifully and appropriately fitted up as a chapel. It is a mile and a quarter from the parsonage, and I took the walk four times that day. The road, winding in and out among the houses and the cedar groves, over the hill and through the valley, gives at every turn charming views of the sea and the islands; and the tints on the water and the land were lovely beyond compare. In the morning there was a large congregation, composed of soldiers in their red coats, marines in sailor jackets, officers in command both of land and sea forces, and their families, all attentive and devout. There is a large organ in the chapel, well played, and the singing was excellent. Dr. Eames preached both morning and evening. A Bermudian day was seen in all its changeableness on Sunday—warm and bright in the morning, more like our summer than winter, but clouding over in the afternoon, and finally settling down into a rainy evening.

We came home in the mail packet this morning, and found the harbor gay, with the American flag flying from two or three vessels, from the consulate, and from this hotel, in honor of the birthday of "the father of his country." We began yesterday to look for signals of the Canima, but none

greeted our anxious eyes, and our first question this morning was, "Anything heard from the signal station?" to which the answer was, "No." This afternoon, however, came the joyful sound, "The Canima is signalled!"

There is a signal station at Mount Langton, the Governor's residence, at the Admiralty, at the dockyard, and several other places. The first signal is "an unknown vessel." Then, as soon as it can be made out what it is, whether steamer or sailing vessel, that is signalled. If a steamer, the signal is "an unknown steamer." As she comes nearer, and is made out clearly, the signal is changed to "the United States mail" if the Canima, and the "English mail" if it is the steamer from Halifax, which comes into St. George once a month on her way to St. Thomas.

The Canima arrived a little after five o'clock this afternoon, and brought about forty passengers, more than thirty of whom are at the hotel; and the bustle of their arrival and the excitement of getting our letters and papers have nearly turned our heads, having been just three weeks to a day without hearing one word from home, either by letter or newspaper. The steamer is off again on Thursday, to be back, we hope, in two weeks from to-day.

## VI.

HAMILTON HOTEL, March 3, 1875.

From this sunny clime I address you once more, and I hope by this time the rigor of your winter has abated, and you are beginning to know something about the pleasures of spring. For the last week or more, the weather here has been delightful, so warm and sunny, more like summer than winter. By the last Canima, Dr. Moffat, from Littleton, came here, and when he arrived he found the thermometer just one hundred degrees higher than he left it in New Hampshire five days before.

On Thursday, the twenty-fifth of February, the Canima sailed,—once more leaving us for nearly a fortnight without mail communication with our home.

We went by invitation on that day to visit Rev. G. Tucker, rector of Smith and Hamilton. On our way we stopped at an arrow-root factory, the only one on the island, where we witnessed the operation of peeling the root, grinding, washing, drying, pressing it, and making it ready for packing and shipping. Between thirty and forty persons, men, women, and children, are employed there, and we were much interested in all we saw. Before we reached Mr. Tucker's, we passed the mahogany tree, of which I made casual mention in one of my letters. This tree is twenty years old, the trunk seven feet in circumference, spreading out, when about four feet from the ground, into numerous and graceful branches. It is nearly flat at the top. The leaf is of a dark and glossy green.

Mr. Tucker took us a delightful drive, skirting Harrington sound, a charming sheet of water, reminding us of the Scottish lochs. We stopped at the "Devil's Hole," a shockingly bad name, I am aware, but then "there's nothing in a name,"



you know, and there were two clergymen in our party to fend off the evil one! This "hole" is on the south-western shore of the sound, having no connection with it, however; but there is a subterranean connection with the ocean on the south side of the island, and by this hidden passage it is so well supplied with water, that fish are put in there to be kept till wanted. At present the principal kind is "groupers"—horrid looking things they are, too, with thick, red lips, and great teeth.

But among these unsightly objects, there was a fish of such a lovely blue color that it is called the "angel-fish." This, as well as the "groupers," makes, I am told, good eating. Then we drove on to a glen, where, after leaving the carriage, we had to make our way through a dense thicket of shrubs and trees, among which was the coffee plant, bearing an abundance of red berries, each berry containing two kernels of coffee. This glen was particularly rich in ferns, some of them very large.

At dinner we had a dish new to us,—a pudding made of the cassava root, a deadly poison, if not properly dried and cooked. Being assured by our kind hostess that all poisonous qualities had been thoroughly banished from it, we partook freely of it, and found it very toothsome. And speaking of eating, reminds me that delicious puddings and cake are made of arrow-root, and I hope to go home so well armed and equipped with both arrow-root and recipes for cooking it, as to be able to regale my friends with some palatable compounds.

After dinner we rowed across Harrington sound to Trunk island, belonging to Mr. Musson, a relative of Mrs. Tucker, who is building a house there in a picturesque spot among the cedars. Mr. Musson has already passed his four-score years, and is building this house, as he says, to spend the remainder of his days in. As there are no people on the island except his own servants, his days are not likely to be much disturbed, there being no access to the island but by

boats. The views of the opposite shore from all parts of the island are extremely pretty. As we rowed back, toward the close of the day, the water was so smooth and clear, that every object near the shore was reflected in it. Nothing could exceed the beauty of coloring that lay over the land and the sea.

Sunday, the twenty-eighth, was the first Sunday we had spent in Hamilton for six weeks, Dr. Eames preaching in the Cathedral on the evening of that day. I have spoken before, I think, of this Cathedral. As service is held there every day, we often go, and I feel as much at home as in our own church in Concord. Here, as in churches in foreign countries, there is a very deep chancel, in which, outside of the rail, of course, there are eight pews occupied by the civil, military, and naval dignitaries. In one of these pews two seats have been assigned to us. The music is exceedingly good, and the services very attractive. One thing I must speak about, that has greatly attracted my attention in all the churches I have attended here, and that is, there is no talking in the church, the occupants of one pew or slip not speaking to those of another, even though they may not have met for some time, till they have left the church. I wish we could see this custom observed in our own churches at home, where the laughing and chattering and exchanging compliments in the sacred edifice are carried to a lamentable extent. And one thing more I must say of the services in all the churches on the island, and that is, the hymns are sung much more rapidly than at home, which tends to make the singing far more spirited than in our churches. And I may indulge in a little personal remark here, which is, that we have not attended one church, even in the most distant part of the island, without seeing some one in the congregation whom we have met before. Of course this makes us feel less and less like strangers.

Yesterday we visited Miss Tucker, in Smith parish, five miles from here. Her house is charming, looking like an

English abbey, with its trellised porch and its pointed windows. I have before said that the houses here are mostly of one story, consequently there is no attic. The ceilings are generally carried up into the roof, and finished off in arches or miniature domes, thus giving each room a lofty and airy appearance.

Miss Tucker's grounds are very extensive, and she has the greatest variety of fruit-trees that I have ever seen. In addition to those I have mentioned in other letters, I saw there a sappodilla, which bears a sort of custard-apple, pomegranate, abacado pear, which, by the way, seems to be more like a vegetable than a fruit, being somewhat of the vegetable marrow species, and grape fruit, bearing a kind of orange, which, on account of its growing in clusters on the tree, has received the name of "grape fruit." Most of these trees are not now in fruit, one season having just gone by and the other not yet come. We saw, too, a calabash tree, which bears a kind of gourd, made by the colored people into dippers and bowls. Over this a rose-bush has scrambled, and on the very top of the tree are large clusters of red roses. Over many of the trees on those grounds the convolvulus has spread in rich luxuriance, and as the vine springs from tree to tree, weaving in fantastic shapes around the branches, it presents the appearance of fairy bowers. In many places this vine was in full bloom, its deep, purplish blue in charming contrast to the thick green foliage around.

We felt more than a common interest in the owner of this beautiful estate, when she told us she was of Rhode Island descent, her grandfather, William Brown, having been born in Providence, and having there married a daughter of Governor Wanton. Some time after his marriage he moved to England, and there Miss Tucker's mother was born. Mr. Tucker, a native of Bermuda, while on a visit to England, married Miss Brown, and brought her to this lone isle of the sea, to the very house we have just visited.

Miss Tucker showed us very interesting relics of her

Providence ancestry, among them a silver dial, the size of an old-fashioned dollar, on which is engraved a sort of miniature almanac, showing on what day of each month the days of the week would fall. This is a curious relic of the past, and I never saw one like it before.

Another delightful place we have visited is Mrs. Stowe's, where every new-comer to the island is heartily welcomed. It lies on the Sound, before entering the harbor of Hamilton, and the water views are varied and charming. There, in addition to many other trees, we saw the mangrove, a low, thick tree, growing in marshy places, the branches bending down into the water, taking root and springing up again, thus increasing to an endless extent. We also saw the "cherrie moya," its fruit like the sugar-apple I mentioned in one of my letters, only very much larger, and more luscious.

The little coves with their clear water, far down in which you see the fish darting in and out among beds of coral and sea-weeds, gems of islands studding the blue sea,—all these form a picture so perfect that we go again and again to gaze upon it.

In one of the most sheltered nooks on this charming shore is a cottage nicknamed "honey-moon cottage," because it is often hired by newly-married people, in which they may spend their first month of wedded bliss. Roses and other flowers trellis the verandah; and in front lies a tiny bay, over which the lights and shades play with magic effect. Rowing in a little boat in and out among the rocky and wooded islets in this azure sea, bathed in the sweet air and the genial light, is almost too much happiness for this world of sin and sorrow and care. Mrs. Stowe would be glad to rent this cottage for the season; and if one would like to exchange the cold of a northern winter for this sunny clime, I know of no sweeter place in all this fair isle.

And thus we spend our days here, strolling about where our fancy leads us, and where kind friends invite us. Some of the visitors here think Bermuda "a very slow place," char-

acterizing it as the country where one can do nothing with the utmost success. What we ourselves do here may not amount to much in the long run, but it pleases us, and we find not one moment of this holiday hanging heavily upon our hands. And when we go back to our home, and take up our daily routine of cares and duties, laid by only for a little time, those burdens will be sweetened and lightened by the memories of the dear days spent in this "isle of beauty."

## VII.

HAMILTON, Bermuda, March 8, 1875.

MESSRS. EDITORS: The Canima arrived this morning, and our letters bring us the welcome news that the Doctor's services can be supplied till after Easter; so we shall stay a month longer, intending now to leave on the 8th of April. As this is a stormy season to be on the coast, and as it is still very cold in New England, we are glad to defer going home till the weather has become warmer and more settled. We do a little sight-seeing almost every day, and are by no means tired of our island home. Every day and every hour, even, we find something new to admire, or we make some new acquaintance to increase our interest in Bermuda and its inhabitants.

We were not able to visit St. George's island till we had been here more than seven weeks. Almost every day we talked of going, and each of those days it ended in talk. First one engagement and then another prevented, and when we did set the day to go, it would either be stormy, or some one of the party intending to go, would be kept at home for some reason or other. On Wednesday, the 3d of March, our expedition set forth, and we were gone from nine in the morning till six in the afternoon, and a most enjoyable time we had, too. Our open carriage held five, and as we were all pleased with ourselves and each other, it was a "mutual admiration society." And then, the day was so lovely, it would have been wicked not to have been happy. Not a cloud obscured the brightness of the sky, and even the unruly winds of Bermuda were stilled. It is about ten miles to St. George, the road winding round and round, now on a jutting promontory, and now along a sheltered cove, the water everywhere of such a variety of lovely hues, that, at

every turn we uttered fresh exclamations of delight. We went by one road and came back by another, so we had an opportunity of seeing all the beauties of the way. Going, we visited two caves,—coming back, two more. As I am not writing a guide-book, it is not necessary for me to specify these caves, or to say which we found the most beautiful or wonderful. Each was perfect in its way. Before reaching each cave, we had to leave the carriage and walk some distance through trees and shrubs, the coffee-plant, oranges, lemons, limes, oleanders, and cedars growing in profusion. Picking our way over rough and stony places, clambering down rude steps, stooping to avoid the rocks over our heads, our walks through the caves were anything but easy. Marshalled by a sable attendant carrying lights, we crept through the subterranean passages, not daring to look up till we could stand on some safe place, and then, after the dry palmetto leaves and brush which had been carried in were set on fire, we gazed about with admiration mingled with awe. Far above our heads stretched the rocky roof, from which hung stalactites, some immense in size, others slim and tapering, looking like the most delicate fret-work. In two or three of the caves was water, and far down in its depths were reflected the blazing bushes, our eager faces, and the towering pinnacles above us. Openings in and out among the rocks revealed vaulted chambers, each one calling forth repeated bursts of admiration. And then, the air was so soft and sweet, no unpleasant dampness about it, that the most delicate invalid need not be afraid to breathe it. It was all so wonderful that I feel no words of mine could do justice to it, unless I should go into the most minute description, and that I have not time to write,—and even if I had, I am afraid it would not be printed.

Near the Walsingham cave is a calabash tree, under which it is said Moore often sat when he was here in 1804 (I think it was). Of course visitors are very desirous to get a calabash from this celebrated tree, but, although I hinted pretty

strongly to that effect, no attention whatever seemed to be paid by the owner to my wishes. At last I spoke out plainly, "Can I not have one?" The answer was that they were too high up to be reached; but I spied, not far away, a long pole, so I said, "Knock one down with that pole." "Perseverance conquers difficulties," is an ancient maxim, and my pertinacity had its reward, and I came away the possessor of a calabash from Moore's tree; and I intend to take it home and have it made into a drinking cup,—for cold water, of course.

In former times, the visitor to St. George had to cross a ferry, but lately a causeway has been built over a series of reefs and Longbird island, ending in a swing bridge for boats to pass. This causeway was commenced in 1867 and finished in 1871, and cost the colony thirty-two thousand pounds (one hundred and sixty thousand dollars). The whole length is nearly two miles, and the drive across it is delightful,—on our right a succession of islands, on our left the open sea. The situation of the town of St. George is very fine, rising up in steep acclivities from the sea, its narrow streets and white houses making me think of Malta. The harbor is commodious, well fortified, and far more easily accessible than that of Hamilton. It is a sleepy old place, however, not much going on except when the Halifax steamer stops there, on her way to and from St. Thomas. On a high hill back of the town are the barracks, a large number of troops being constantly stationed there. The view from this hill is magnificent,—before you St. David and other islands, behind, the sea stretching far away. Near the barracks a new church is going up, built of the white stone of the island, and some say it is to excel, when done, Trinity here. The parish church is down in the town, and is one of the oldest in Bermuda. We regretted not being able to go over to St. David, but as the only approach to it is by a long ferry, we had not the time for it. We hope to go to St. George again, however, as our stay in Bermuda is to be prolonged, and then we shall be able to "do up" the neighborhood.



Near one of the caves we visited, on our way back from St. George, grows one of the most lovely and singular plants I ever saw, called the "shell-plant." It has a large leaf and a long stalk, from which in perpendicular rows hung more than two dozen bell-shaped flowers, each flower tipped with the most delicate roseate tints, like the lip of a shell,—hence the name.

We devoted last Saturday morning to the barracks here, and witnessed a parade of the troops. I do not profess to know much about military tactics (or anything else, for that matter), but certainly their evolutions and drill seemed to me wonderful. The precision with which every movement was made, showed how the body could be trained, and how exactly like a living machine a soldier must be, obeying in the minutest manner every word of command.

In the afternoon we called on Mr. Saltus, who lives in a house nearly two hundred years old, his ancestral home. The house is two stories in height, and all the wood-work is of cedar, some of the lower rooms being ceiled with great timbers of it. I never saw such an extensive collection of heavy, old-fashioned furniture, high post bedsteads, tall chests of drawers, immense chests for holding bed linen, chairs, side-boards, and dressing-tables, all, with one or two exceptions, made of the cedar of the island, and all kept in the most perfect order. The treasures in that house, in the way of furniture, coins, and other antique objects, are enough to make a lover of such things die with envy. The grounds are extensive, finely kept, abounding in fruit-trees of every kind incident to this region. They slope down to the water's edge; and, in a little basin shut in by rocky islets, there is a perfect gem of a bath-house, so convenient in all its arrangements that I longed to plunge into the clear stream.

Sunday was one of the loveliest days we have had—bright and warm. We spent it in Paget and Warwick, Dr. Eames preaching in both of those churches. To show the advance of the season here in contrast with yours at home, I will just

say, that at dinner at Paget rectory we were regaled with delicious pease, potatoes, tomatoes, and strawberries fresh from Mr. Lough's garden, and with spring duck hatched this winter.

The Canima brought to-day more than thirty passengers, most of whom came to this hotel; so I imagine it must be pretty well filled, and doing a good business.

## VIII.

HAMILTON HOTEL, March 23, 1875.

All day yesterday our eyes were longingly turned seaward, hoping to catch a glimpse of the Canima, but she came not. This morning, however, she arrived, bringing us good news of the loved ones at home. Amid the bustle of her arrival, Death came gently into this house and took from earth the soul of one of its inmates, Dr. Brolaski, of Pennsylvania, who was here when we came, and who has been an invalid for some time, but not considered in a precarious state till last evening. And thus our world here goes on. In one room there are laughter and merriment; in another tears and great sorrow.

Since the date of my last letter we have been "on the go" a good deal of the time, enjoying to the utmost the delightful weather with which we have been favored. On the morning of the second Sunday in March, Dr. Eames preached in the chapel at Prospect, the congregation composed almost entirely of the troops stationed there. To see that army of red-coats filing in, the clanking of swords mingling with the military tread, was a sight in itself well worth seeing. And the music surpassed anything I have ever heard this side of the Atlantic ocean. There were eight or ten wind instruments, and the men's voices, blending with these in perfect harmony and time, produced an effect almost overpowering. And the responses were given with so much fervor and at the same time with such military precision, and the men were so attentive and orderly, that altogether the service was one I would not have willingly missed.

We have been again to St. George, and this time stayed all night at the Globe hotel, a very quiet and comfortable house kept by Mrs. Foster. Our room was in an adjacent

building, and, as we had to cross a little court to get to it, I was reminded very much of some of the quaint old inns in foreign lands. In fact, everything in and about St. George has such a foreign aspect, that it really seemed strange to hear our mother tongue spoken, for French, Italian, and even Arabic would have appeared in perfect keeping with the surroundings. We took a boat and rowed about in the harbor for several hours, the water clear, and lovely in hue, and smooth as an inland lake. The whole scene,—the town rising up on the hillside, the wooded islands, almost hemming us in, yet giving us occasional peeps of the blue sea beyond,—was one of incomparable beauty.

We crossed to St. David, which is one of the five largest islands, and the farthest east by north in the cluster. It is said that many of the inhabitants of St. David have never been off that island, and that until lately those benighted individuals have never seen a horse. Now, however, there are two horses on the island, "and one of them," our informant added, "is a donkey!" We went up to a high point of land to get the view, passing large patches of potatoes and onions, well advanced in growth. A part of our way lay through a picturesque tangle of shrubs and bushes, so that our transit was by no means "o'er flowery beds of ease." We came to a house inhabited by a black man, who has arrived at the advanced age of eighty-five, but who is still erect and apparently in the use of all his faculties, and who has the simple and yet courtly manners of a prince. From his eyes, his features, and his hair, he is evidently more of Spanish than of African descent. He lives alone, his wife having died four or five years ago. He told us that he had plenty of relations who would be glad to come and live with him, but he did not want to be troubled with them. He owns more land on the island than any other inhabitant. Though he lives nearly a mile from the church, he walks there every Sunday, and he spoke with touching pathos of the services of the day before, when he received the Holy

Communion. From our elevated position on this island, we had a magnificent view of the sea sweeping around us on every side, except in the rear, where lay St. George and its adjacent islands. Far out to sea the white waves showed where were the hidden reefs that are such a natural wall of protection to these islands. We clambered down to the shore, where the waves gently kissed the rock-bound coast, full of crannies and nooks in which the water seemed to play at "hide and seek." There were several caves, and in one, a spring of clear fresh water came gurgling down, giving us a refreshing draught after our long and warm walk. Our guide crept into one hole, and soon after we saw his sable head appearing from the earth at quite a little distance from where he disappeared from mortal view. In fact, the whole coast of these islands is full of caves and subterranean passages, which in the old buccaneering times must have been famous places for hiding treasures got by piracy and rapine.

On our way back we stopped at Fort Cunningham, on an island that guards the entrance to the harbor. Here for several years the government has been at work building a fort of such immense strength, that it is said to have no equal out of England. One might reasonably be allowed to wonder why such a fort should be deemed necessary in a place so seemingly unimportant as Bermuda, but, in case of a war with any foreign power, England might find these islands of great value as a depot for naval and military stores. And the building of such a fort has given work to many who would otherwise have nothing to do. We returned to our hotel to a three o'clock dinner, and then went up to the barracks, where the croquet club plays every Monday afternoon. The croquet ground is one of the most perfect I have ever seen, the lawn green and smooth as velvet. In a grove near by, the military band discoursed most excellent music, while the groups scattered around under the trees added to the picturesqueness of the scene. On the

croquet lawn the players moved about, keeping time and step with the music, while attendants passed tea and sweet biscuits.

When the playing was over, we went to the top of the hill in the rear of the barracks, and saw the sun go down in all his glory, leaving over the vast expanse of waters a golden radiance which slowly faded away, when the moon came up and cast a silvery halo over the sleeping sea. How lovely, yet how majestic, it all was!

I like St. George ever so much, and should I ever come to Bermuda again (which may the dear Lord in His infinite goodness grant), I should like to spend two or three weeks in that picturesque old town.

On St. Patrick's day the "Bermuda hunt club" had a "meet" at Mount Langton. As there are no foxes or deer to hunt on these islands, this club gets up, now and then, a mock hunt. Two horsemen in huntsman array go ahead, scattering pieces of paper in their wake, and the remainder of the hunting party, on horseback, of course, go wherever these scraps of paper dictate. On the day above mentioned, we went, by invitation, to Mount Langton (Government House), to witness one of these performances; and it was an animated scene, I can assure you, the spectators arriving in carriages, while various members of the hunting party galloped about on their fiery steeds, impatient for the chase, which, as it commenced on the government grounds, we had a fine opportunity of seeing. Several ladies were on horseback, and they entered fully into the spirit of the scene. Away they all went, at a given signal, leaping fences and stone walls, and darting across the country, while we followed in our carriages so as to meet them at a given spot on their return; and then it was such a pretty sight to see them come galloping along the brow of a hill, leaping over walls, fences, ditches, and every other obstruction in their headlong career. This was more like an English hunt than anything we have ever seen out of dear old England, and we enjoyed it immensely.

One day last week we took a long walk across the island to Hungry bay, on the south shore, where the rocks are heaped up in wild confusion, and where the waves play mad pranks among them. Many of the rocks are full of caves and openings made by the surging waters, so that at every turn new wonders unfold in rock scenery. Nothing can exceed in beauty the coloring of the sea,—here a bright green, there a deep blue, the lights and shadows changing every moment, greatly adding to the witchery of the whole scene.

We are now in the last week of Lent, and there are services in the church twice a day, which are far better attended than ordinary week-day services at home.

In one of my letters I spoke of the labors of the clergy here. The predecessor of the present incumbent of this parish was rector here for forty-one years, and was never off these islands in all that time. What would our roving clergy at home say to such a life? I really do not know which is the most to be pitied, him who all those years preached in one place, or those who seldom, or never, had a chance of hearing any one else preach.

## IX.

HAMILTON HOTEL, April 5, 1875.

The Canima came in this morning promptly on time, having made the easiest passage that has been known for more than a year. May she have an equally good one on her return trip!

I will now review, as briefly as I can, the events of our life here since my last letter. Good Friday was a peculiarly solemn day here, all places of business being closed, not even the local mails being sent out. We attended St. John's, the parish church, which was filled, the congregation being as large as any I have seen on a Sunday. All the dignitaries of state, and the army and navy stationed here, were present. After the sermon, the rector, Rev. Mark James, called upon the congregation to kneel in silent prayer, to ask the Lord to deepen in their hearts the solemn impression of the morning's service. It was one of the most impressive scenes I ever witnessed: every knee in that large congregation bent, every head bowed, while the most profound silence reigned for several minutes.

Easter was one of the loveliest days I ever saw, at home or abroad. The Cathedral was dressed with the most exquisite flowers, and banners of white and gold hung from the reading-desks, the lectern, and the pulpit, while the altar was literally covered with white and gold. The altar rail, and the pews upon the chancel floor, were trimmed with wreaths of green studded with white flowers, while in various places, from masses of palms and ferns, sprang white lilies, so great in size that those we see at home are as dwarfs or babies compared to them. The Cathedral was full, both morning and evening, the Governor, family, and suite, the Admiral,



who has just returned from a long cruise, his family, and suite, being there. Almost every one in the congregation, the feminine portion, at least, came out in new attire on that day. The music was particularly fine, and everything combined to make that a "high day." The Doctor assisted in the services in the morning, and administered the Holy Communion, and in the evening he preached, the congregation being the largest he has ever addressed.

Immediately after Easter, social festivities commenced, and in consequence our engagements have been numerous.

In addition to evenings spent quietly with friends in Hamilton, we were one evening at a party given by Hon. S. S. Ingham, speaker of the Assembly, whose house commands exquisite views of the harbor studded with green isles.

One day we spent at Mr. Whitney's, who lives in a charming spot on the shore of Harrington sound, and another day took tea at Mr. Trott's, on the south shore of the island, where the view over the ocean is magnificent.

Then there have been two meets of the "Bermuda hunt club," so that altogether our time has been fully occupied.

On the south shore of this island, about five miles from here, is a very interesting spot,—that where the discoverers of these islands landed in 1543. They were Portuguese, and in their company was one named Bermudez, and it is said these islands derived their name from him. On a rock is cut the date of their landing, and a cross and a few initials may be traced, but these are fast disappearing under the marks of those modern adventurers who delight in leaving their names on rocks and trees. From this rock, called "Spanish rock," the view over the sea was grand. The water lay at our feet, "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," while, miles way, the white-crested waves showed where the hidden reefs were,—the terror of all seamen approaching the coast. Farther down the shore are the sand hills, where the white sand has made such fearful strides that it has buried in its deadly march, trees, and even a house, the chimney of

which may be seen rising from its sandy bed. In the water near the shore are six large rocks, round and flat, a little hollowed out in the centre by the action of the waves, and the appearance of these rocks from the banks is very striking.

There is no beach in Bermuda, on which the inhabitants may drive and enjoy the cool breeze from the sea. Two or three coves or bays, it is true, have a short stretch of smooth sands, where at low tide one may walk and gather a few shells; but a beach like that at Newport or Rye is unknown here. The coast everywhere is rocky and often inaccessible, save to an expert climber. To compensate, however, for this want of beach, the drives all along the shore are lovely.

In Bermuda there are no brooks or streams winding through green meadows, or leaping over rocky beds. And yet, with even these drawbacks, Bermuda is to me inexpressibly lovely. I have driven or walked over almost all parts of it, and everywhere I have seen many things to admire. The sea, ever changing in its hue, is always a great source of attraction to me. And although there are no mountains here, there are so many hills that the surface of the country is very undulating; and as the roads wind in and out among these hills, at every turn fresh beauties are revealed. Dear, dear Bermuda, how much I love thee! and my heart saddens when I think how soon I must leave thee, perhaps never more to return.

Added to the benefit derived from rest and the change of air and scene, have been the companionship and acquaintance of some of the most delightful people I have ever met. The Bermudians, both men and women, are intelligent, well educated, and charming in their manners. I never was in a place where there were so many accomplished singers and players upon the piano. We have been at no house in an evening where there has not been music of the highest order. This seems the stranger to us, as so few American ladies pay any attention to music after their marriage.

Here, every house of any note has a piano, and mother and daughters play and sing delightfully. And they do it, too, with so much readiness and ease, that it adds greatly to the merits of the performance, for they do not wait to be teased and coaxed into it, as is too often the case in the States, but seem to take the playing and singing as a part of their duty and pleasure as hostesses.

The officers of church and state, army and navy, have led a life of so much variety and action, that talking with them is like a chapter in a fascinating novel, so full are they of incidents and adventures they have encountered in their jogging about all over the world. Equally at home in courts and camps, they have served their Queen and country in the chair of state, as well as on the field of battle. Many of them have been in every country on the globe, and have seen foreign life under its best aspects. On the sands of Africa, on the burning plains of India, on the bloody fields of Russia and Turkey, they were known as men who never flinched in danger, but were ever ready to lay down their lives at their country's call. Constantly meeting such people here has been one of the charms of our Bermudian life.

Since we came to Bermuda, Dr. Eames has preached twenty-seven times, officiating in every church on the island except two—St. George and St. David. He has administered the Holy Communion five times, besides assisting many times in other parts of divine service. Our stay here has been a very happy one to us, and we leave this "enchanted isle" with great regret.

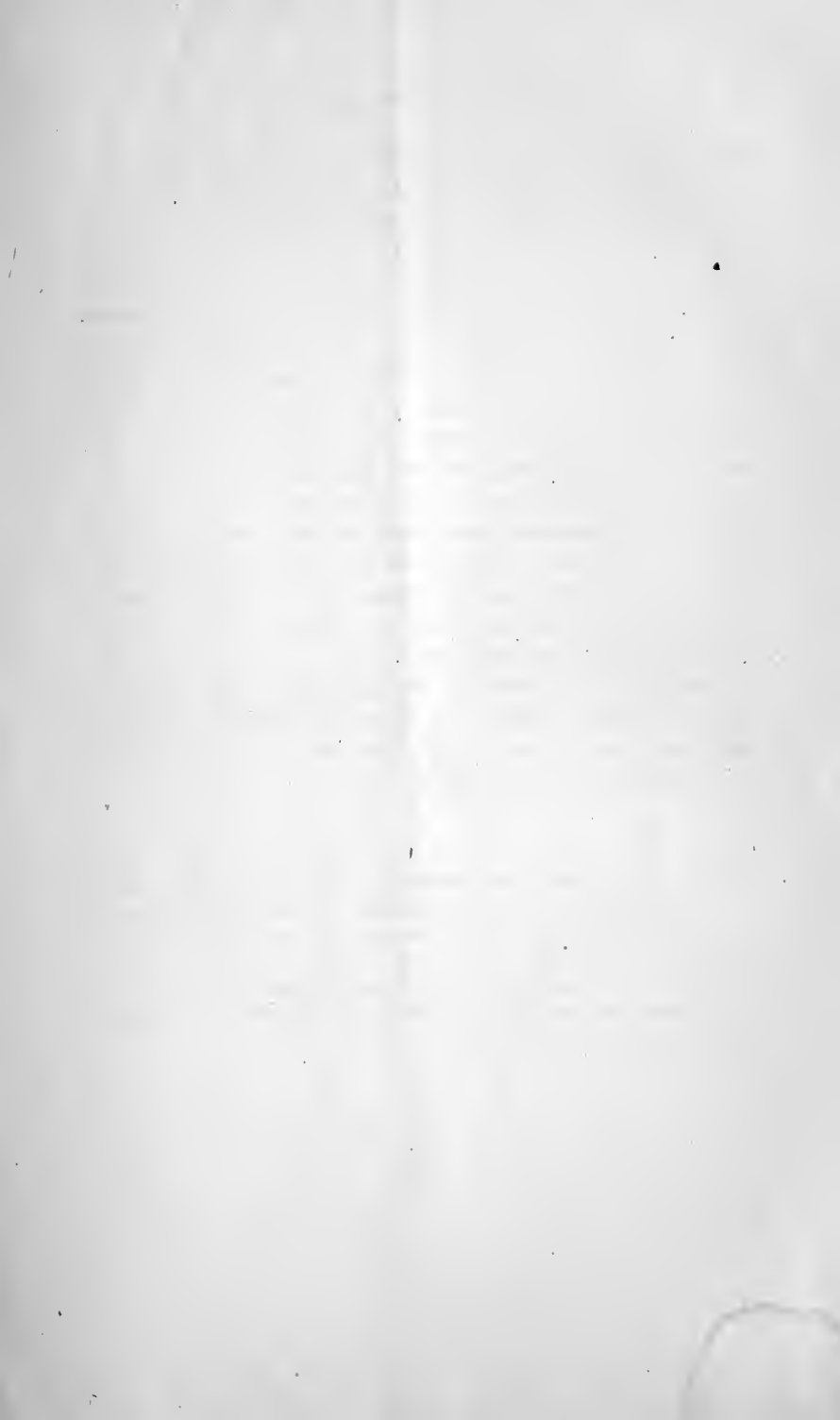
And now, as the attention of the people of the United States is called to Bermuda, I wish to say a few words about the expense of a sojourn here. The trip in the steamer costs fifty dollars (in gold) down and back, though it is said an opposition steamer is to be put on, in which the fare will be much less. At the hotel here, where one can be very comfortable, the prices range from two dollars (gold) to three dollars fifty a day, according to the rooms, and the length of

time one stays. All over the island are nice houses, where the occupants are glad to take boarders, and where, of course, there is more quiet, but less variety on the table than at the hotel. I am told that good board can be had in private houses at ten dollars a week. Then, if one prefers to keep house, a cottage may be had for five or ten dollars a month, and furniture can also be hired. In this climate it is not necessary to have carpets. Servants' wages are not high, a good cook asking from seven to ten dollars a month, while chambermaids and table girls have about five dollars. I do not know much of the price of provisions, but I fancy there is not a great difference between here and at home, beef and mutton being about the same here as there. After the bitter winter just passed, I cannot imagine how any person who can get away from such a climate can stay in it, when in three or four days this island can be reached, where frost and cold are "unknown terms."

*April 8.* And now, our last calls are made, our adieus said, and we are off for the steamer. May the dear Lord send us a prosperous voyage, that we may soon arrive in "the haven where we would be."

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NOTE.—As an offset to the disagreeableness of the voyage out, I will say that the passage home, after the first day, was delightful, the weather good, the sea very smooth. And for fear any one might be deterred from going to Bermuda by what I have written of the weather there, I will merely say, in explanation, that the Bermudians called this last winter an exceptional one, many remarking that it was the most unpleasant season they had known for years.



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